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in splicing ropes and mending sails. Carpenters were hammering, and sawing, and fitting spars. One or two gentlemen were carefully examining a collection of rare plants and geological specimens which they had collected from the neighbouring shores. The cooks were inspecting the condition of the provisions, and the state of the water-casks. Jacques Cartier himself was in a feverish state of excitement. Superintending everything in person, he seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity; his cheerful voice was heard in every corner of the ship, encouraging his men, and jesting merrily on the perils they had overcome. "A few weeks more, *mes amis*," said he, "and we shall set our foot on *La Belle France*." Then suddenly changing his tone and manner, he accosted a young Frenchman, who was sharpening a sword on a grindstone, and sternly observed, "No bloodshed, Jules, recollect, I caution you."

A few hours before this dialogue, a strong party of Indian warriors had left Stadacona in their war dress. Wakaue was at their head, scarcely containing his exultation at the prospect of his revenge being gratified. As he issued from the village, he turned angrily round, and, waving his hatchet above his head, muttered an Indian curse on his venerable chief, Donnacona, and his white friends. Good reason had he, in truth, for feeling dissatisfied. Not content with putting the Frenchmen on their guard, Donnacona had wrought vigorously to dissuade his countrymen from the enterprise: and so great was the regard paid to his wishes that many of Wakaue's fellow-conspirators had relinquished their design. Unfortunately for Donnacona's humane scheme, the emissaries sent by Wakaue to the neighbouring villages had performed their task so efficiently, that large reinforcements amply compensated the defections at home. Lest Donnacona's influence should throw any obstacle in the way of the attack, if the party set out in their canoes from the village, it was resolved that the warriors should rendezvous at the falls, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles from Stadacona, and thither Wakaue and his friends were hastening, when the largest boat of La Grande-Hermine began to move noiselessly towards the shore.

She was manned by twenty-five stout men. Marc Jalobert was in command, and, in case of accidents, Guillaume Le Breton was ready to take his place. Stout Francisque, the Provençal, took the helm, and the oars were manned by powerful seamen, in whose faces disease had left no perceptible mark. The whole party were armed with cutlasses, and a few arquebuses.

The first thing to be done was to discover the object of the search—their late comrade, Earnest de Mony. For this purpose, Marc Jalobert and a Parisian, named Matthieu, who had served as Mony's valet, separated themselves from the party, and advanced cautiously towards the Indian fire. They scanned each figure in silence, but without success. All wore the Indian costume; to all appearance, there was no European among the number. Jalobert uttered an involuntary curse. At this moment, Donnacona ceased speaking, and a young man in the dress of a chief rose to stretch his hand to him, as if in gratitude for what he had said. Matthieu instantly exclaimed, "My master!" The exclamation was heard by the Indians, and one or two sprang to their feet. Marc Jalobert and Matthieu instantly fell to the ground, and remained motionless for a few moments. The Indians, attributing the sound they had heard to the children who were in the neighbourhood, resumed their debate. Cautiously creeping on all-fours to their companions, Jalobert and Matthieu hastily explained that they had discovered De Mony, and the former gave orders for the attack.

It was executed with promptitude. Two guns were discharged at a given signal over the heads of the Indians; and while the latter were stupified by surprise and terror, the whole party of Frenchmen fell upon them like a tornado. Every savage who did not take to flight was felled with the cutlass. Old Donnacona had risen to front the enemy, and the first sailor who approached him had reason to know that the vigour of the old man's arm was not yet impaired. He fell weltering in his blood. Le Breton, enraged at the loss of a

valuable hand, instantly discharged his arquebuse into the midst of the Indians. The shot was fatal to more than one. The Indians, not yet familiarised with fire-arms, fled in all directions. When the smoke cleared, old Donnacona, De Mony, and Taignoagny stood alone. Seizing his heavy arquebuse by the barrel, and swinging it round his head, Le Breton sprang forward in the direction of the old chief: one moment and the deed was done. But rapid as was his movement, young De Mony was still more active: with a single bound, he grasped the heavy Frenchman by the middle and threw him to the earth. The next moment the giant Francisque had wound his iron arms round De Mony, and held him as in a vice. It was Donnacona's turn to rescue his preserver. A blow, which, had it not been parried, would have laid the Provençal in the dust, was followed by another, more fatal, on poor Matthieu's head; and Donnacona closed with the sturdy captor of his son-in-law. The three men were locked in each other's arms, and writhed like serpents twisted in each other's folds.

"Carry both to the ships, quick!" shouted Marc Jalobert. "Time presses, in a few moments we shall have the whole tribe upon us."

He was instantly obeyed; Donnacona and his son-in-law were lifted by main force, and carried off.

One hour after they reached the Grande Hermine the moorings to the stakes were cut, and Cartier's vessel, with the little Emerillon, began to drop down the St. Lawrence with the ebb tide and a fair westerly wind. Wakaue, with indescribable feelings, saw them sail from the heights where Beaufort now stands. As they passed the village of Stadacona, a canoe came towards them, but was waved off by Cartier. As it still advanced, a shot was fired over it. It was motionless for a few seconds; then the sailors on deck saw a female form rise in the frail bark, and disappear with a piercing shriek under the waves. De Mony was in close confinement in the hold.

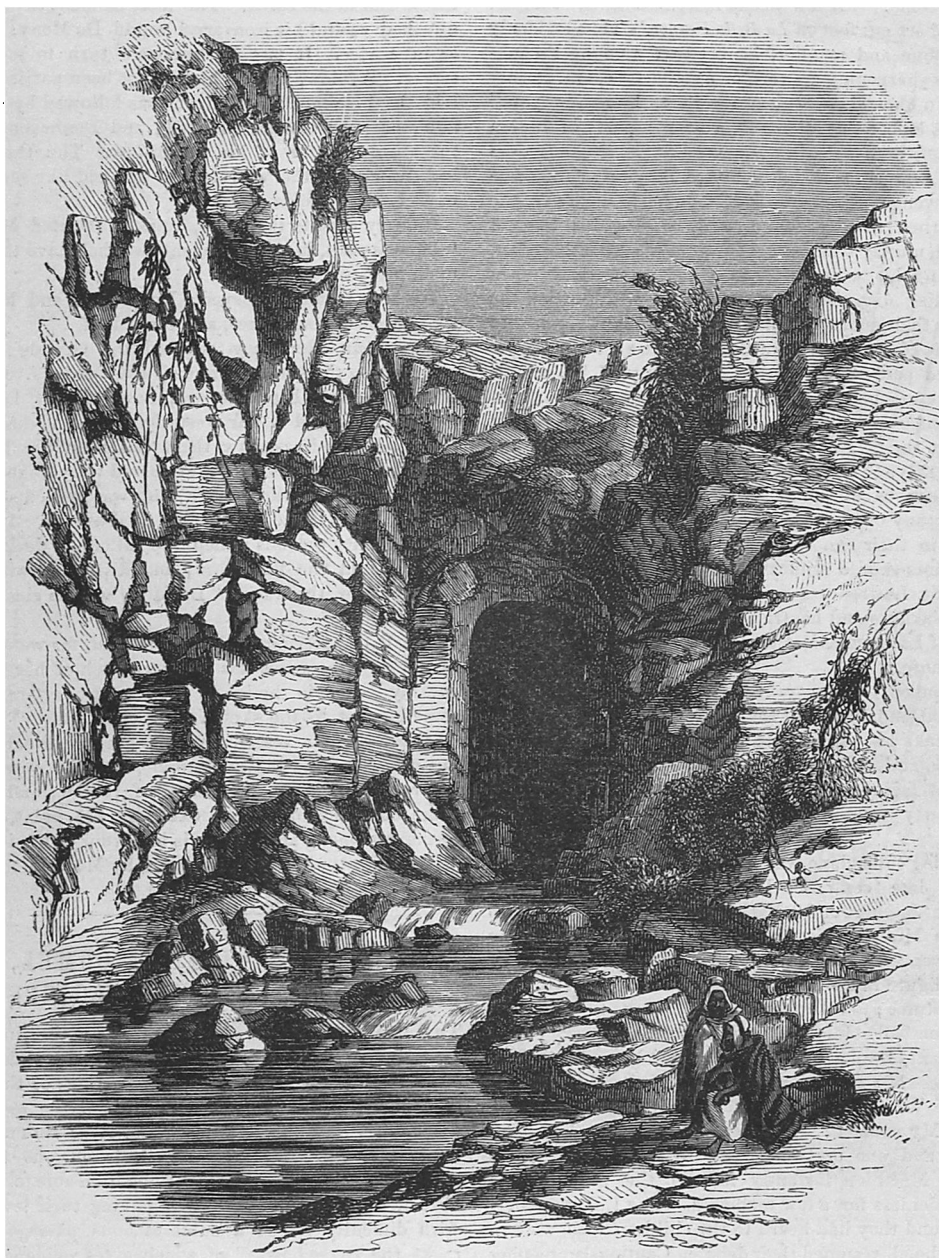
The Petite Hermine was left behind, for want of hands to man her. Our artist has given a sketch of her appearance as she lay locked in the ice in her winter quarters. It may add some interest to the sketch to observe, that in 1843 the wreck of the hull of a vessel, corresponding in every particular to our notions of La Petite Hermine, was discovered on the spot where Cartier spent the winter of 1535-6; and that, though some difference of opinion exists on the point, the weight of authority among antiquaries is in favour of the identity of the wreck with the vessel commanded by Marc Jalobert.

THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL, NEAR CONSTANTINA, ALGIERS.

This picturesque cascade is caused by the junction of the several mountain-streams which water the valley behind the city of Constantina, in the eastern province of the kingdom of Algiers. The waters unite at the foot of the rocks on which the city is built, thus forming the river Roumel, more correctly called *Ouad el Roumel*. It is curious to watch the meeting of these waters; not having been able to overcome the obstacles which prevented them gaining their level, they have with difficulty forced a subterraneous passage through the rocks, the rugged aspect of which gives evidence of the convulsions to which the country has been subject. Our engraving represents the view of the deep gorges (called by the Arabs *el-Haoua*, the precipice) where the torrent foams and roars as if infuriated by the many obstacles which impede its progress. The defile forms a natural moat to the city, which, in the ancient system of attack, rendered the position of Constantina almost inaccessible. It is formed of stupendous rocks, with here and there narrow ledges by which they may be ascended. The Roumel first disappears through a vast arch, to which the Arabs have given the name of *Dholma* (the Gloomy), and pursues its course through a rocky and subterraneous passage, above which rise the triple arches of a

bridge of Roman and Moorish construction, leading to the south-east gate of the city. This gate is called *Bab-el-Katara* (the door of the bridge), and forms the entrance to Bona and Philippeville. The bridge is of admirable construction; the gallery and columns of the arches are adorned with cornices and festoons, ox-heads and garlands, the key-stones being charged with caducei and other figures. A female figure treading on two elephants, with a large escallop shell for her canopy, is seen in bold relief between the two principal arches

from a height of from 135 to 150 feet. When the river has been swollen by the rains, the aspect of these falls, surrounded by wild scenery, is truly grand. To the right, towers a huge rock, upon which is situated the highest part of the city: from this fearful height it is still the custom to throw criminals headlong into the river. Beyond the falls, the Roumel, being joined by its tributaries, continues its course for some distance through a winding valley. Although quite a small river, and unnavigable near Constantina, the Arabs, comparing it with



THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL.

below the gallery. At some distance from the bridge the waters re-appear at the bottom of a little rocky basin; they then successively pass into two basins of greater size, and thence escape through the arch represented in our engraving, forming the cascade of the Roumel. This arch has been falsely supposed by many travellers to be the work of man, so closely does the arrangement of the stones resemble that in our buildings.

The cascade itself is divided into three falls, which descend

the neighbouring streams, which are still more inconsiderable, call it *Onad-el-Kebir* (the Great River).

The city of Constantina, formerly Cirta, is situated in the eastern province of Algiers, and was anciently a very considerable place. It was ruined in the year 311, by the conquests of Alexander; but was afterwards re-established by Constantine the Great, and took the name of Constantina. This name is still preserved in the west; but the people of the country call it Cucuntina,